

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
 When your eyes rowle so.
 Why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
Des. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Des. That death's unnaturall, that kills for louing.
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.
Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
 And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
 Thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
 For to deny each Article with Oath,
 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Des. And haue you merrey too. I neuer did
 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
 O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,
 A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Des. He found it then:
 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
 Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Des. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Des. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
 Honest *Iago* hath'tane order for't.
Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
 Had stomacke for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you striue.
Des. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smother's her.*
Emil. *Emilia at the doore.*
 My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
 So, so.
Emil. *within.* What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
 with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Emilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
 The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
 Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
 Did yawne at Alteration.
Emil. I do beseech you
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord,
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Emilia*.
 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Emilia.
Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
 done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
 And makes men mad.
Emil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
 A young Venetian, call'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Emil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
 And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Emil. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice,
 Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
 Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
 'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
 er Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
 That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did rop her: Ask thy husband else.
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband?
Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,
 If Heauen would make me such another world,
 Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
 I'd not haue sold her for it.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That stickes on filthy deeds.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
 I say, thy Husband.
Emil. Oh Mistris,
 Villany hath made mockes with loue:
 My Husband say she was false?
Oth. He, Woman;
 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart.
 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Emil. Do thy worst:
 This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
 Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
 As ignorant as dirt: thou hast done a deed
 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee knowne,
 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.
Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Emil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
 Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
 And told no more
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
Emil. But did you euer tell him,
 She was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
 Shee false with *Cassio*?
 Did you say with *Cassio*?
Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris?
 Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
 I am bound to speake,
 My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.
 All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.
Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
 It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.
Mon. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. I thinke v
 I thought
 O villany
Iago. V
 I charge y
Emil. T
 'Tis proper
 Perchance
Oth. C
Emil. M
 For thou h
 That ere d
Oth. O
 I scarce di
 Whose br
 I know thi
Gra. P
 I am glad
 Thy Matc
 Shore his
 This fight
 Yea, curse
 And fall to
Oth. T
 That she w
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 Which that
 Which I fu
 It was a H
 My Father
Emil. C
Iago. C
Emil. T
 No, I will
 Let Heave
 All, all, cri
Iago. B
Emil. I
Gra. Fy
Emil. C
 That Hand
 I found by
 For often,
 (More then
 He begg'd
Iago. V
Emil. S
 And I did
Iago. F
Emil. B
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